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THE NIGHTINGALE

PART I. Being

A Choice Collection of SONGS,

Containing,

1. *Vainly now ye ſtrive to charm me.*
2. *Let gay Ones and great.*
3. *Sick of the Town, at once I flew.*
4. *Blithe Colin's bleſt Art.*
5. *Singing charms the bleſt above.*
6. *Ye Beaus and ye Belles of the City.*
7. *Ye Prigs that are troubled with Conſcience's Qualms.*
8. *In a plain pleaſant Cottage, conveniently neat.*
9. *Ye fair, who ſhine thro' Britain's iſle.*
10. *He that will not Love muſt be.*
11. *Once I lov'd a lady.*
12. *I'm of a Nature that's fix'd in ev'ry Degree.*
13. *In a ſweet healthy Air, near a Farm of my own.*
14. *Tell me, lovely Shepherd, where.*
15. *Upon the March it was my Lot.*
16. *Give me but a Wife, I expect not to find.*
17. *Yes, Phillis will trip o'er the Mead.*
18. *Now the woodland Choriſters ſing.*
19. *My fond Shepherd of late were ſo bleſt.*
20. *I am a briſk and lively laſs.*

Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church Yard, Bow-Lane, London.

The Morning Converſation. By Sam. Foot, Eſq;

VAinly now you ſtrive to charm me,
while the breakfaſt is away.
How ſhould empty tea cups warm me,
bring the water Betty pray.
Go ye butter'd cakes, go leave me,
take away the toaſted rowls:
Softer tranſports muffins give me,
don't you think ſo, Mrs. Bowles?

A New Hunting Song.

LEt gay ones and great,
Make the moſt of their fate,
From pleaſure to pleaſure they run:
From pleaſure, &c.
Well who cares a jot,
I envy them not,
While I have my Dog and my Gun.
While, &c.
For exerciſe, air,
To the fields I repair,
With ſpirits unclouded and light;
The bleſſes I find,
No ſtings leave behind,
But health and diverſion unite.
No pleaſures of bliſs,
Can e'er equal this,
This the greateſt of ſportmen's deſire;
What we fought the long day,
We've at laſt made our prey,
So contentedly home we retire,
Let the belles and the beaux,
All bedaub'd in fine cloath,
To the gardens and playhouſes run;
Here's no pleaſure I find,
Can e'er equal my mind,
As when I've my Dog and my Gun.
How we hallow and ſing,
Make the woodlands to ring,
Each pleaſure rewards our pains:
No chorus e'er heard,
By Lowe or by Beard,
Can e'er equal the ſweet Hunting ſtrains.
Then at night for our feaſt,
With a brace at the leaſt,

BRITISH MUSEUM

Lotharia. Set to Muſick by Mr. Arne

VAinly now ye ſtrive to charm me,
All ye ſweets of blooming May,
How ſhould empty Sun-ſhine warm me,
while Lotharia keeps away.
Go ye warbling birds, go leave me,
ſhade ye clouds the ſmiling ſky.
Sweeter notes her voice can give me,
ſofter Sun-ſhine fills her eye.

Hare, Partridge, Woodcock, or Fowl;
And when ſupper is o'er,
How we ſing, dart, and roar,
And rejoyce ourſelves over the bowl.

The One Thing Needful.

SIck of the town, at once I flew
To contemplation's rural ſeat;
Adieu, ſays I, vain world adieu,
Fools only ſtudy to be great.
The brook, the lamp, the hermits cell,
The ruſſet gown and moſſy floor,
All theſe I had, 'twas mighty well,
Yet I wanted ſomething more.
Back to the buſy world again,
I hurry'd ſoon, in hopes to find;
Eas'd from imaginary pain,
Quiet of heart and peace of mind.
Gay ſcenes and grandeur every hour
My eyes with admiration fill;
The world ſeem'd all within my power
Yet I wanted ſomething ſtill.
Cities and groves at once were try'd
'Twas all a vain and idle tale;
Delia at length became a bride,
A bride to Damon of the Vale.
Earth ſmil'd at once, the gloom
clear'd,
Damon was kind, I can't tell how
In ev'ry place new joy appear'd,
And Delia wanted nothing now.
He'll Marry me ſome Time or Other;

BLythe Colin's bleſt art
Has bewitch't my young heart
And truſt me, there's place for
other;

Should he once ceaſe to wooe,
What muſt ſcorn'd Molly do?
For there's not in the world ſuch another.
For there's, &c.
No lad on the plain,
Sure can pipe like my ſwain,
So ſweetly can carol no other:
O how oft in the vale,
Have I heard a ſoft tale,
And by moonlight he'll tell me another.
Wit, beauty, and truth,
All bedeck the ſweet youth,
And perſuade me my love not to ſmother
He has riches in ſtore,
Yet he courts me tho' poor,
Nay, he ſwears that he doats on no other.
Should he chance to proclaim,
To the ſhepherds his flame,
They'd envy and make a great pother
Let the nymphs praiſe or rail,
All their malice will fail,
In ſpite I will think on no other.
To the church on the Brow,
He once pointed, I vow,
And with kiſſes did almoſt me ſmother;
Not a word could I ſay,
But I long for the day,
O he'll marry me ſome time or other.

On Mira's Singing and Beauty.

SInging charms the bleſs'd above,
Angels ſing, and ſaints approve:
All we below
Of Heaven can know,
Is that they both ſing and love.
Mira hath an angel's air,
Sweet her notes, her face as fair,
Vaſſals and kings
Feel when ſhe ſings,
Charms of warbling beauty near.
Savage nature conquer'd lies,
All is wonder and ſurprize,
Souls expiring,
Hearts a firing,
By her charming notes and eyes.

All in the TASTE.

YE beaus and ye belles of the city
Who ſtrive for to ogle the Taſte,
Give ear to a comical ditty,
In which Lady Faſhion is plac'd.
For I'll ſhow you ſome Taſte al mode,
So we'll term it a Lecture on Heads,
And ſtep into Stevens's road,
In ſpite of all critical dreads.
Firſt obſerve the good Lady of Faſhion,
Pray mark but her porcupine head,
With her brains ſhe can ſettle the nation
While the poor are a ſtarving for bread
Obſerve but her turky cock'd hat.
Pray ſee how it dwells on her noſe,
Which makes her as blind as a bat,
And behind all for nothing ſhe ſhows.
Miſs Polly juſt come from her ſchool,
In the faſhion muſt cut a ſtrange figure
For no more ſhe'll be reckon'd a fool,
When her head it is mode ſomething bigger.
And ſtay-making John play'd his part,
For he's ſo well fitted her ſhape,
So ſhe's fairly reſign'd him her heart,
And has borrow'd the form from an ape
Next a man of Bob Derry comes in,
For he, ſirs, a man of the town,
With an Eglo court mark'd on his chin
And at Dutf—elds all dulneſs he'll drown.
With a wig of the bull forehead kind,
Whereon Stevens once made a comment,
A dozen'd the eyes of the blind,
And ſold wit at twenty per cent.
Pray look the tub-bottom not,
See the virtues of Wetherby there,
For the lamp-breaking magic's in that,
You may ſee it quite plain I declare
But leave of my good ruſty Robin,
For with Taſte you are always intriguing,
Or by chance you may get a good mobbing,
By the help of young maſter O'Figgin

The Modern CREED.

YE Prigs that are troubled with conſcience's qualms,
That ever are praying and chaunting of pſalms,
Come liſten awhile, and I'll ſing you a ſong,
Shall open your eyes to ſee right from wrong.
In claret alone I can place all my hope,
There's more abſolution in this than the Pope;
It's the famous Elixir Salutis of Life,
With this you may face either Devil or Wife.
Young Mars and Apollo in ſpite of the ſchools,
And Jupiter, Æto, and Bacchus were fools;
It is his noble ſpirit enlivens our clod,
Each mortal inſpir'd by the power of the Gods.
Nor Mars half ſo valiant when watchmen provoke,
Nor Phebus ſo wiſe when the Juſtice beſpoke;
Nor Jove half ſo rampant in all his amours,
When he thunders away from his claret to whores. glaſs,
My morals are round, as they lie in the
Religion and Faith in the Bottle and Laſs;
My church is the tavern, the vintner my prieſt,
And thus I proceed till the ſage is deceas'd;
And when I no longer can revel and roar,
Muſt part from my bottle, my friend, and my whore,
Enbalm me in claret, and write on my ſhrine,
When living was happy, now dead is divine.

The Contented MAID

IN a plain pleaſant cottage, convenently neat,
With a mill and ſome meadows, a freehold eſtate,
A well-meaning miller by labour ſuplies
Thoſe bleſſings that grandeur to great ones denies:
No paſſions to plague him, no cares to torment,
His conſtant companion as health and content;
Their Lordſhips in Lace may take note if they will,
He's honeſt, tho' daub'd with the duſt of the mill.

Soon the lark's early carols ſalute the new day,
He ſprings from his cottage as jocund as May;
He chearfully whiſtles, regardleſs of care
Or ſings the beſt ballad he bought at the Fair:
While courtiers are toil'd in the cobweb of ſtate,
Or bribing elections in hopes to be great
No frand or ambition his boſom do's fill,
Contented he works if there's griſt for his mill.

On Sunday beſeck'n in his home-ſpun array,
At church he's the loudeſt to chaunt and to pray;
He ſits to a dinner of plain Engliſh food,
Tho' ſimple the pudding, his appetite's good;
At night when the prieſt and exciſeman is gone,
He quaffs at the alehouſe with Roger and John;
Then reels to his pillow, and dreams of no ill,
No monarch more bleſt than the Man of the Mill.

The Way to Keep Him

Sung by Mr Lowe at Vauxhall.

YE fair, who shine thro' Britain's isle,
triumph o'er the heart;
once attentive be a while,
what I now impart.
ld you obtain the youth you love
precepts of a friend approve.
nd learn the way to keep him.
on as nature has decreed
he bloom of eighteen years.
Isabel from school is freed,
hen beauty's force appears.
outhful blood begins to flow,
opes for man, and longs to know
e surest way to keep him.
first the pleasing pain is felt.
ithin the lover's breast;
ou by strange persuasion melt,
ch wishing to be blest;
t too bold, nor yet too coy,
prudence lure the happy boy,
d that's the way to keep him.
urt, at ball, at park, or play
fame a modest pride:
est your tongue your mind betray,
fewest words confide
aid who thinks to gain a mate
dy chat, will find too late,
t's not the way to keep him.
sing ne'er the hours kill,
t bane to all the sex,
the arts of dear Spadill.

Love's Vicissitudes.

HE that will not love, must be
My scholar, and learn this of me,
There be in love as many fears,
As the summer corn has ears;
Sighs, and sobs, and troubles more,
Than the sand that makes the shore;
Now an ague, then a fever,
Both tormenting lovers ever.
Wouldst thou know, besides all these,
Now hard a woman 'tis to please?
How high she's priz'd, whose worth is
but small?
Little thou'lt love, or not at all.

The Irish Disappointment.

ONCE I lov'd a lady,
a lady from top to toe;
But I was a block-headed fellow
and durst not tell her so.
Could I but tell her, tell her,
could I but tell her why;

Could I but tell her, tell her,
how I languish, and die.
She is very pretty,
she is very genteel,
She gave me such pain in my heart,
I did not care to feel.
Could I but tell her, &c.

She is very merry,
she is a little coquet,
With lips as red as a cherry,
her eyes as black as jet.
Could I but tell her, &c.

First I would ogle, ogle,
then I would squeeze her hand,
And then I would kiss her, kiss her
'till she could not me withstand.
Could I but tell her, tell her
how I languish and die;
Could I but tell her, tell her
what a blockhead was I.

The Happy MAN.

I'M of a nature that's fix'd in every degree,
Designing myself to live happy and free,
With the care of this world I ne'er am perplext,
I always am easy and never am vext.
I am neither so high nor so low but I see
More that are werse than better than me
My life is a compound of freedom and ease,
I walk where I will, and I go where I please.
I live on no credit and get above spite,
I have judgment enough to do myself right,
When money comes in, I live till its gone, none
If I have it I'm happy, content if I've
If I spend it genteely I do not repent,
If I lose it at gaming I count it but lent
For what I do lose one night amongst friends,
Another night's winning will make it amends.
With my friends and the glass, the bright hours I pass,
And on Suday night am as rich as I was:
Thus frolick and easy, good humour'd and gay,
I never am vex'd at what other folks say,
In sweet merriment day and night I do pass,
Sometimes with my friends, sometimes with my lass:
I ever am free from all care and strife,
Contented and happy thus pass away Life.

The Farmer's SONG:

IN a sweet healthy air, near a farm of my own,
Half a mile from the church, and just two from a town,
Half a mile, &c.
Diversions and business I vary for ease,
But your fine folks at London may do as they please.
But your fine folks at London, &c.
By freedom 'tis true, I'm entitled to vote
But because I will never be wrong if I know't,
I'll adhere to no one 'till each party agrees,
But your fine folks, &c.
Tho' sixty or upwards, I never knew pain
My Goody's as ancient, yet does not complain;
From the flocks of my own I wear cloth of warm frize,
But your fine folks, &c,
I ne'er was at law in the course of my Life,
Nor injur'd a neighbour in Daughter or Wife;
To the poor have lent money and never took fees,
But your fine folks, &c.
I ne'er had ambition to visit the Great
Yet honour my King, and will stand by the state;
By the church and freedom in all its degrees,
But your fine folks, &c.
My fields they are fertile, my barns full of corn,
My cellar well stor'd with good ale in a horn;
No cares to perplex me, no dunners to teaze,
So when fine folks are vexed the farmer has ease.

Bob and his Landlady.

Upon the march it was my lot
A billet for to share,
Into an inn, which made me grin,
To see my dame so fair:
My landlord he prov'd kind to me,
And I got quarters there;
And its true I kiss my landlady,
Let that stand there.
Let that stand there.
'Tis true, &c.

Our lousy landlord blamed me,
For doing of this deed,
Because I did relieve his wife,
When in the time of need;
Being a petty constable,
For him I do not care;
It's true I kiss his pretty wife,
Let that stand there.

Our orders were for Ireland,
There we must strait repair,
Which made my handsome landlady
Begin to curse and swear.
Saying, I'll go along with Bob,
Let Bob go e'er so far;
My Bob's the lad that kiss me well,
Let that stand there.

Farewell, my loving landlady,
I must pursue the rout.
Dear Bob, says she, pray stay with me,
Let's have the other bout:
I'll rob the cuckold of his gold,
And thou the same shall share,
For thou'rt the man that kiss me well,
Let that stand there.

Then twenty guineas in my hand,
She lovingly did squeeze,
Dear Bob, says she, pray think on me,
When you are on the seas.
Pray think on me, I will agree
With you all fates to share;
For thou'rt the man kiss me well,
Let that stand there.

The INCURIOUS.

Give me but a wife, I expect not to find
Each virtue and grace in one female combin'd,
No goddess for me, 'tis a woman I prize
And he that seeks more, is more curious than wise.
No goddess, &c.

Be she young, she's not stubborn, but easy to mould;
Or she claims my respect, like a mother of old:
Thus either can please me, since Woman I prize,
And he that, &c.

Like Venus she ogles if wanton her eye,
If blind, she the roving of mine can't espy;
Thus either is lovely, for Woman I prize,
And he that, &c.

If rich be my bride, she brings tokens of Love,
If poor, the farther from pride's my remove;
Thus either contents me, for Woman I prize,
And he that, &c.

I ne'er shall want converse, if tongue she possess,
And if mute, still the rarity pleases me less;
I am suited to either, for Woman I prize,
And he that, &c.

Then cease ye profane on the Sex to declaim,
If you've wit to discern, no perfection they want;
Each fair can make happy, if Woman we prize,
And he that, &c.

The Happy Shepherd.

YES, Phillis will trip o'er the mead,
And hasten away to the plain;
Where shepherds attend with their reeds
To welcome my love and her swain.
The lark is exalted in air,
The linnet sings perch'd on the spray,

Our lambs ſtand in need of our care,
Then let us not lengthen delay.
The pleaſure I feel with my dear,
While gameſome young lambs are at ſport;
Exceeds the delight of the peer,
That ſhines with ſuch grandeur at court.
When Colin and Strephon go by,
They form a diſguiſe for a while;
Then ſee how I'm bleſt with a ſigh,
But envy forbids them to ſmile.
Let great folks of liberty prate,
T' enjoy it take infinite pains;
But liberty's primitive ſtate
Is only enjoy'd on the plains.
With Phillis I rove to and fro',
With her my gay minutes are ſpent;
'Twas Phillis firſt taught me to know,
That happineſs flows from content.

Love and Beauty.

NOW the woodland coriſters ſing,
Beauty takes her radient ſphere,
Love adorns the ſmiling ſpring,
Love and Beauty gild the year.
Seize the minutes as they fly,
Jocund hour, and feſtive round;
Innocence with virgin eye,
Comes with rural chaplets cown'd.
Awful Virtue keeps her ſtate,
In the cot or in the throne;
Liberty enjoy her mate,
As fair Honour holds the zone.
Love and Beauty on the wing,
Sweep the globe and conquer all;
Poet, Hero, Sage, and King,
At their ſhrine ſubmiſſive fall.
Where ſhall honour love to dwell,
But in freedom's happy iſle,
Virtue here enjoys a cell,
More than in a tyrant's ſmile.
Where ſhall Beauty fix her reign,
But on Love that Power deſies;
Innocence ſhall crown the ſcene,
Where Ambition droops and dies.

A New Song.

*M*Y fond ſhepherds, of late, w
to beſt,
Their fair nymphs were ſo happy and g
That each night they went ſafely to r
And they merrily ſung thro' the day
But, oh! what a ſcene muſt appear
Muſt the ſweet rural paſtimes be o'e
Shall the tabor no more ſtrike the ear?
Shall the dance, on the green, be more?
Will the flocks from their paſture be le
Muſt the herds go wild ſtraying abroad?
Shall the looms be all ſtopt in each ſhed
And the ſhips be all moor'd in ea road?
Muſt the Arts be all ſcatter'd around?
And ſhall commerce grow ſick of her tid
Muſt religion expire on the ground?
And ſhall virtue ſink down by h ſide
My Mother did ſo before me.

I Am a briſk and lively laſs,
And ſcarcely turn'd of twenty;
And by my lovely air and mein,
I might have ſweethearts plenty:
But I'll beware of wedlock's ſnare,
Tho' dying ſwains adore me;
The men I'll teize, my fancy pleaſe,
My Mother did ſo before me!
In rich brocades, and diamonds bright,
I'll ſpend each leiſure hour;
I'll walk and talk with every beau,
And let them know my power
But if a dart ſhould pierce the heart
Of a man that does adore me,
I'll wed, oh! yes; what harm's in this
My Mother did ſo before me.
And when I have a huſband got
I'll ſuit him to perfection;
For it's often ſaid that us good wives,
Keep huſbands in ſubjection.
No ſnarling fool ſhall o'er me rule,
Or 'clipſe me in my glory;
I'll let him ſee, I'll miſtreſs be:
My Mother did ſo before me.

THE NIGHTINGALE

PART II. Being

A Choice Collection of SONGS,

Containing,

1. *Young Fanny once all penſive ſat.*
2. *As blythe as the Linnet ſings in the Green-wood.*
3. *I am the Prince of Drunkards.*
4. *Let the Nymph ſtill avoid.*
5. *Come ye pretty jangling Swains.*
6. *As I was a walking to Chelſea one Day.*
7. *Let's drink and be merry.*
8. *He that has the beſt wife.*
9. *At the brow of a hill.*
10. *Farewell ye green Fields and ſweet Groves.*
11. *Come from the temple.*
12. *The Anſwer.*
13. *One Morning laſt Week, as I walk'd for the Air.*
14. *An Alderman liv'd in the City.*
15. *I made love to Kate.*
16. *Briſk Wine makes us gay, an Beauty leads on.*

Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church Yard, Bow Lane, London.

The CORNER.

YOung Fanny once all penſive ſat,
I could not gueſs the matter;
My fancy run on this and that,
And fain I'd have been at her.
Fain, fain I'd, &c.
With joy I view'd the many charms
That brightly did adorn her;
And thought I'd have her in my arms,
If I got her in a Corner.
I'd have her in my arms,
If I got her, if I got her, if I got her in a Corner.
Fair maid, I cry'd, ſo young you ſeem
You ſurely ha'nt been marry'd;
The wiſe ſay, Love's an idle dream,
Perhaps you've there miſcarry'd.
From wedlock I'm at preſent free,
Reply'd the beauteous mourner.
Ha! ha! thought I, 'twill do for me
When I get you in a Corner.
My dear, I cry'd, you give me grief,
Come change your pain to laughter,
If I don't give you ſome relief,
Then never truſt me after.
Whate'er the cauſe, believe but this,
You cannot ſeem forlorner;
And then I gave the fair a kiſs,
And coax'd her in a Corner.
What there was done, you'd have me ſing;
But faith, it can't be granted;
I found a husband was the thing,
The thing the damſel wanted.
So odd, I told her, 'twas my way,
If wedded I might ſcorn her;
And ever ſince we kiſs and play,
When I get her in a Corner.

ROBIN HOOOD.

AS blythe as the Linet ſings in the green Wood,
So blythe we'll wake, we'll wake the Morn,
So blythe, &c.
And thro' the wide Foreſt of merry Sherwood,
We'll wind the bugle, bugle Horn,
We'll wind, &c.
The Sheriff attempts to take bold Robin Hood,
Bold Robin diſdains to fly,
Let him come when he will, we'll in merry Sherwood,
Or vanquiſh Boys, or die.
Our hearts they are ſtout, and our bows they are good,
And well their Maſter know,
They're cull'd in the Foreſt of merry Sherwood,
And ne'er will ſpare a Foe.
Our Arrows ſhall drink of the fallow Deer's Blood,
We'll hunt them all over the plain;
And thro' the wide Foreſt of merry Sherwood,
No Shaft ſhall fly in vain.
Brave Scarlet and John, who were never ſubdu'd,
Gave each his Hand ſo bold,
We'll reign thro' the Foreſt of merry Sherwood,
What ſay my Hearts of Gold.

The Prince of Drunkards.

I Am the Prince of Drunkards,
Good fellows, I pray behold me,
I love my bowl as I love my ſoul,
And there is none dares controul me.
Was the ſea made of brandy,
I myſelf could well diſpence it,
With Lemon juice and ingredients to't,
Will quicken mortals ſenſes.
Bring Wine from the Kanaries,
I'd ſet my mouth unto it,
And lap it up from pipe to pipe,
And ſee who can out-do it.
I'll court my flowing bowl, ſir,
It ſtill ſhall have my favour;
I'll court no ſhe, how fair ſhe be,
For drinking has my favour.
Bacchus, I defy thee,
Samſon I can out-drink thee;

Then boaſt no more, for thou'rt grown poor,
Here's he that can out-do thee.
Let fragrant lemons grow, ſir,
That I may have my pleaſure;
I love my bowl, as I love my ſoul,
For I value not my treaſure.

The CAUTION.

LET the Nymph ſtill avoid.
And be deaf to the Swain,
Who in Tranſports of Paſſion,
Affects to complain.
Who, &c.
For his Rage with his Love,
In that Frenzy is ſhewn,
And the blaſt that blows loudeſt
Is ſoon overblown.
For his rage, &c.
But the Shepherd whom Cupid
Has pierc'd to the heart,
Will ſubmiſſive adore,
And rejoice in the ſmart.
Or in plaintive ſoft murmurs,
His boſom ſelt wo-,
Like the ſmooth gliding current
Of Rivers will flow.
Tho' ſilent his Tongue,
He will plead with his Eyes,
And his heart owns your ſway
In a tribute of ſighs.
But when he croſſes you
In Meadow or Grove,
His Tale is ſo tender
He coos like a Dove.

The INVITATION.

COme ye pretty jangling ſwains,
Leave your flocks and quit your plains,
Friends to country, friends to court,
Nothing here ſhall ſpoil your ſport.
Ever welcome to our feaſt,
Welcome every friendly gueſt.
Be it peace, or be it war,
Both or either, I don't care,
Prithee Colin, what have you,
Or I, with peace and war to do.
All that ripe'ning ſun can bring,
Beauty's ſummer, beauty's ſpring,
In one varying ſcene we ſhow,
The green, the ripe, the bud, the blow.
Sprightly widows come away,
Laughing dames and virgins gay,
Little gaudy fluttering miſſes.
Smiling hopes of future bliſſes.
Comus jeſting, muſick charming,
Wine inſpiring, beauty warming,
Rage and party malice dies.
Peace returns and diſcord flies
Emblem of the joys above,
All is rapture, all is love.

Let me ALONE.

AS I was a walking to Chelſea one day,
I met with a pretty young girl by the way,
I ask'd to ſalute her, but this was her Tone,
Why can't you be gay and let me alone.
I told her my name was young am'rous James,
And I call'd her a thouſand fine delicate names;
I told her her heart was as cold as a ſtone
No matter ſays ſhe, can't you Let me Alone?
My dear child, ſays I, I am not on my Fun,
If you'll go to the bunn houſe I'll give you a Bunn.
Quoth ſhe, I've got money enough of my own
To buy half a hundred, ſo Let me Alone.
Sweet creature, ſays I, with me you ſhall dine
At Pinchbeck's, I hear he ſells excellent Wine;
Beſides here's the Wax-work and Dwarf to be ſhown,
May be ſo, ſir, ſays ſhe, but pray Let me Alone.

However, I follow'd her field after field
Till by my perſuaſions I made her to yield;
Next day we were wed, and ſhe alter'd her Tone,
And ſhe teizes me now if I Let her Alone.

The Good-Fellow.

LET us drink and be merry,
Dance, joak, and rejoice,
With Claret and Sherry,
Theorbo and Voice.
The changeable World
To our joys is unjuſt,
All Treaſure's uncertain,
Then down with your Duſt.
In Frolicks diſpoſe
Your Pounds, Shillings, and Pence,
For we ſhall be nothing
An hundred Years hence.
We'll kiſs and be free
With Moll, Betty, and Nelly,
Have Oyſters and Lobſters,
And Maids by the Belly:
Fiſh Dinners will make
A Laſs ſkip like a Flea,
Dame Venus (Love's Goddeſs)
Was born of the Sea:
With Bacchus and Venus
We'll tickle the Senſe,
For we ſhall be paſt it
An hundred Years hence.
Your moſt beautiful Bit,
That hath all Eyes upon her,
That her Honeſty ſells
For a Hogo of Honour;
Whoſe Lightneſs and Brightneſs
Doth ſhine in ſuch Splendor,
That none but the Stars
Are thought fit to attend her;
Tho' now ſhe be pleaſant,
And ſweet to the Senſe,
Will be damnable mouldy
An hundred Years hence.
The Uſurer that
In the hundred takes twenty,
Who wants in his Wealth,
And pines in his Plenty;
Lays up for a Seaſon
Which he ſhall ne'er ſee,
The Year One Thouſand
Eight Hundred and Three;
His Wit and his Wealth,
His Learning and Senſe,
Shall be all turn'd to nothing
An hundred Years hence.
Your Chancery Lawyers,
Whoſe Subtilty thrives,
In ſpinning out ſuits
To the Length of three Lives;
Such Suits which the Clients
Do wear out in Slavery,
Whilſt Pleaders make Conſcience
A Cloak for their Knavery;
May boaſt of their Subtilty
In the preſent Tenſe;
But they'll be non eſt inventus
An hundred Years hence.
Then why ſhould we turmoile
In Cares and in Fears,
Turn all our Tranquility
To Sighs and to Tears?
Let's eat, drink, and play,
Till the Worms do corrupt us;
'Tis certain—poſt mortem
Nulla voluptas:
Let's deal with our damſels,
That we may from thence,
Have Brats to ſucceed us
An hundred Years hence.

HE that has the beſt wife,
She's the Plague of his Life;
But for her that will ſcold and will quarrel,
Let him cut her off ſhort,
Of her meat and her ſport,
And ten times a day hoop her barrel, brave boys,
And ten times a day hoop her barrel.

The Laſs of the Hill.

AT the Brow of a Hill a fair Shepherdeſs dwelt,
Who the Pangs of Ambition nor Love e'er had felt;
A few ſober Maxims ran ſtill in her Head:
That 'twas better to earn ere ſhe eat her brown Bread,
That to riſe with the Lark was conducive to Health,
And to Folks in a Cottage Contentment was Wealth.
Young *Roger*, who liv'd in the Valley below,
Who at Church and at Market was reckon'd a Beau,
Would oftentimes try o'er her Heart to prevail,
And would reſt on his Pitchfork to tell her his Tale.
Thus with Eaſe his Addreſſes ſoon reach'd her Heart
Being artleſs herſelf, ſhe ſuſpected no Art.
He flatter'd, proteſted, he kneel'd and implor'd,
And his Lies too with Oaths he would grace like a Lord.
Her Eyes he commended in Language well dreſt,
And enlarg'd on the Tortures he felt in his Breaſt;
With Sighs and with Tears he ſo ſoften'd her Mind,
That in downright Compaſſion to Love ſhe inclin'd.
But no ſooner had he melted the Ice in her Breaſt,
But the Heat of his Paſſion that Moment decreas'd;
And now he goes flaunting all over the Vale,
And boaſts of his Conqueſt to *Richard* and *Hall*,
Tho' he ſees her but ſeldom, he is always in haſte,
And whenever he mentions her, makes her his Jeſt:
Take heed, therefore, Virgins of Britain's fair Iſle,
How you venture your Hearts for a Look or a Smile;
For young Cupid is artful, and Virgins are frail,
And you'll find a falſe Roger in every Vale,
Who to court you and tempt you will try all their Skill;
But remember the Laſs at the Brow of the Hill.

The CONQUEST.

FArewell ye green fields and ſweet groves,
Where Phillis engag'd my fond heart
Where nightingales warble their loves,
And nature is dreſt without art.
No pleaſure they now can afford,
Nor muſick can lull me to reſt,
For Phillis proves falſe to her word,
And Strephon can never be bleſt.
Oftimes by the ſides of a ſpring,
Where roſes and lillies appear,
Gay Phillis of Strephon wou'd ſing,
For Strephon was all ſhe held dear.
So ſoon as ſhe found by my eyes,
The paſſion that glow'd in my breaſt
She then to my grief and ſurpriſe,
Prov'd all ſhe had ſaid was a jeſt.
Too ſoon to my ſorrow I find,
The beauties alone that will laſt,
Are thoſe that are fix'd in the mind,
Which envy or time cannot blaſt.
Beware then, beware how we truſt
Coquets, who to Love make pretence,
For Phillis to me had been juſt,
If nature had bleſt her with ſenſe.

The Coy Lady's Wedding.

COME from the temple,
Away to the bed,
As the merchant tranſports home
his treaſures.
Dear lady be not coy now,
Since we are wed,
Tis no ſin for to taſte of thoſe pleaſures
So come let us be
Both bonny, blith and free,
For the waiters that waited are gone
Don't be ſhy, but comply,
Don't be coy, then ſaid I,
For this night I'll make bold with my own,
What is it unto me,
That our hands joined be,
If our bodies are ſtill kept aſunder?
Or ſhall it e'er be ſaid,
There goes a marry'd maid?
By my faith I'll have no ſuch wonder
So come let's embrace,
Since there's none in this place,
For the waiters that waited are gone.
Don't be ſhy, &c.
So come let us kiſs,
And taſte of the bliſs,
Which the lords and the ladies have
enjoy'd.
If all maidens were to be
Of a humour ſo unfree,
Generation would ſoon be deſtroy'd.
Was it not for thoſe toys,
Of the little girls and boys,
We ſhould live in this world all alone.
Don't be ſhy, &c.
Dear lady do not frown,
But pull off your gown,
Tis a garment unfit for the night.
Some ſay that black
Has a reliſhing ſmack,
But I love to be dealing in white.
So be not afraid,
For we are not betray'd,
For we are together all alone.
Don't be ſhy, &c.
So come now unpin
Don't delay, but begin;
For my humour I cannot prevent it
But you are ſo tight lac'd,
And girted ſo faſt,
Undo it, or ſtrait I will rent it.
But to end all the ſtrife,
I will cut it with my knife;
Tis too long to ſtay till 'tis undone
Don't be ſhy, &c.
But ſince I have found
Thee both temperate and ſound,
Thy ſweet breaſt I will take for my
pillow.
'Tis pity that we,
That newly marry'd be,
Should be forced to wear the green
willow.
For now we are bleſt,
And live quietly at reſt,
We are united both as one.
With conſent and content,
I have bent my intent,
This night to make bold with my own.

The ANSWER.

WElcome, dear love,
All the powers above
Are well pleaſed at our happy meeting
O the heavens have decreed,
And the earth has agreed,
That I ſhould embrace my own
ſweeting.
At bed and at board,
In deed and in word,
My affection to you ſhall be ſhewn
I am thine, thou art mine,
Let us join, and combine.
Why ſhould you not make bold with
your own.

The bride-bed is made,
You ſhall be my comrade,
o lodge in my arms all the night.
And there to enjoy,
Without any annoy,
l the pleaſures that love can invite
Our mirth ſhall be crown'd,
And with triumph renown'd,
hen ſweetheart let thy valour be ſhewn.
Take thy fill, uſe thy skill,
Do thy will, take thy fill,
Why ſhould you not, &c.

So the bridegroom and his bride,
With much joy on each ſide,
gether to bed they did go,
And what they did there,
I did neither ſee nor hear,
ither do I want for to know.
But by Cupid's aid,
They being well laid,
d ſport by themſelves all alone,
He embrac'd, ſhe careſt,
He undreſt, ſhe unlac'd,
d he ſtoutly made bold with his own.

Daphne and Amintor.

ONE morning laſt week, as I walk'd for the air,
ois the fields from my cot ge, young Daphne the fair,
t by me, I haſten'd up to her with ſpeed,
told her, I lov'd her, I lov'd her, indeed,
ve me! child, ſays ſhe, Lord, how idle you talk,
e one that want's ſleep, pray continue your walk;
r hinder me thus, for believe me, no heed,
ll I ever give to you, not I ſir indeed.
y where is your haſte love, the day does but dawn,
Come take a ſlep with me juſt over Lawn;
No longer be cruel, nor cauſe thus to bleed,
A heart that you've wounded, that love you indeed.
Why hey-day! Amintor, what nonſenſe is here?
I fancy young ſhepherd your head is not clear;
Prithee haſte to your ſheep, they of you have great need,
For I never ſhall love you, not I, ſir, indeed.
Well, ſince that you ſlight me, I'll e'en go my way,
For I talk to the wind every word that I ſay;
With you I ſee plain I ſhall never ſucceed,
So Daphne adieu, tho' I love you indeed.
Amintor, have patience, for what I have ſpoke,
Was nought all the while but a piece of a joke,
On purpoſe to try you, yet ſince 'tis decreed,
That us two muſt be one, I do Love you indeed.

The Alderman and his Lady.

AN Alderman liv'd in the city,
And he had a handſome maid,
And ſhe was ſo word'rous witty,
Her cards ſhe ſo cunningly play'd.
Her maſter came to her one morning,
To tee and to toy on her knee,
And many fine preſents he gave her,
Saying, O Nancy love me,
O Nancy, my amorous jewel,
My joy and deareſt beſide:
Methinks I have a longing deſire
One night to lie by your ſide.
O maſter, I much wonder,
That a man ſo antient and grey,
Should have ſuch a longing deſire
An innocent maid to betray.

ſhould be with child by my maſter,
And he the ſame thing ſhould deny.
Then my poor baby muſt ſuffer,
While I in ſome priſon do lie.
O Nancy you ſhall go to your mother,
Who liveth in fair Gloceſterſhire;
And if the child you ſhould murder,
There is no one will know it my dear,
I never will truſt you nor try you,
Nor never a man in the place.
So much as one night to lie by me,
To bring me to ſhame and diſgrace.
When he found he could not deceive her
Away to the church he did ride,
And made her an Alderman's Lady,
Five a hundred a year ſhe enjoy'd.
So now ſhe's an Alderman's Lady,
And in her fine coach ſhe doth ride,
With ſervants to wait upon her,
And footmen to run by her ſide.

DICK and KATE.

I Made Love to Kate,
Long I ſigh'd for ſhe;
'Till I heard of late,
She had a mind to me.
I met her on the Green,
In her beſt Array,
So pretty ſhe did ſeem,
She ſtole my Heart away.
O then we kiſt and preſt,
Were we much to blame?
Had you been in my place,
You'd have done the ſame.

As I forder grew,
She began to prate; 10 JU 52
Quoth ſhe I'll marry you,
If you will marry Kate.
But then I laugh'd and ſwore
I lov'd her more than ſo,
For tied each to a rope's end,
'Tis tugging to and fro'.
Again we kiſt and preſt,
Were we much to blame?
Had you been there yourſelf,
You'd have done the ſame.

Then ſhe ſigh'd and ſaid,
She was wond'rous ſick,
Dicky Katy led,
Katy ſhe led Dick:
Long we toy'd and play'd
Under yonder Oak,
Katy loſt the Game,
Tho' ſhe play'd in joke:
For there we did alas,
What I dare not name,
Had you been in my place,
You'd have done the ſame.

The Charms of Beauty and Wi

BRiſk Wine makes us gay, and Bea
leads on,
'Tis beauty, 'tis beauty, 'tis beauty leads
And with pleaſure, with pleaſure, w
pleaſure ſhall crown.
'Tis the ſparkling Champain ſhall heigh
our joy,
And the raptures of Phillis, which ne
can cloy.
'Tis the ſparkling, &c.

In mirth and delight we'll frolick a
play,
And jovial, and jovial we'll drink all
day;
With Bacchus and Cupid we'll frol
and play,
With cheeks red as roſes, or flowers
May.
'Tis the ſparkling, &c.

Ye ſons of dull care, 'tis Women a
Wine,
Thoſe bleſſings of nature, and joys th
delight,
To man they were given to ſooth the d
mind,
Then drink and be chearful, give grief
the wind.
'Tis the ſparkling Champaign, &c.

FINIS.